

The Home Team Disbands.

"Your Honor," said the lawyer for the prosecution, "my client, the plaintiff in this case, was the pitcher for a female baseball club, earning her own living, when she married the defendant, also professional baseball player."

"What has that to do with the action?" asked the learned judge.

"A great deal, Your Honor. She never received adequate support."

The lawyer for the defence leaped briskly to his feet.

"We deny that, Your Honor," he said. "The defendant soon got on to her curves and was put out at home."

"He was a base deceiver himself," shouted the lawyer for the plaintiff.

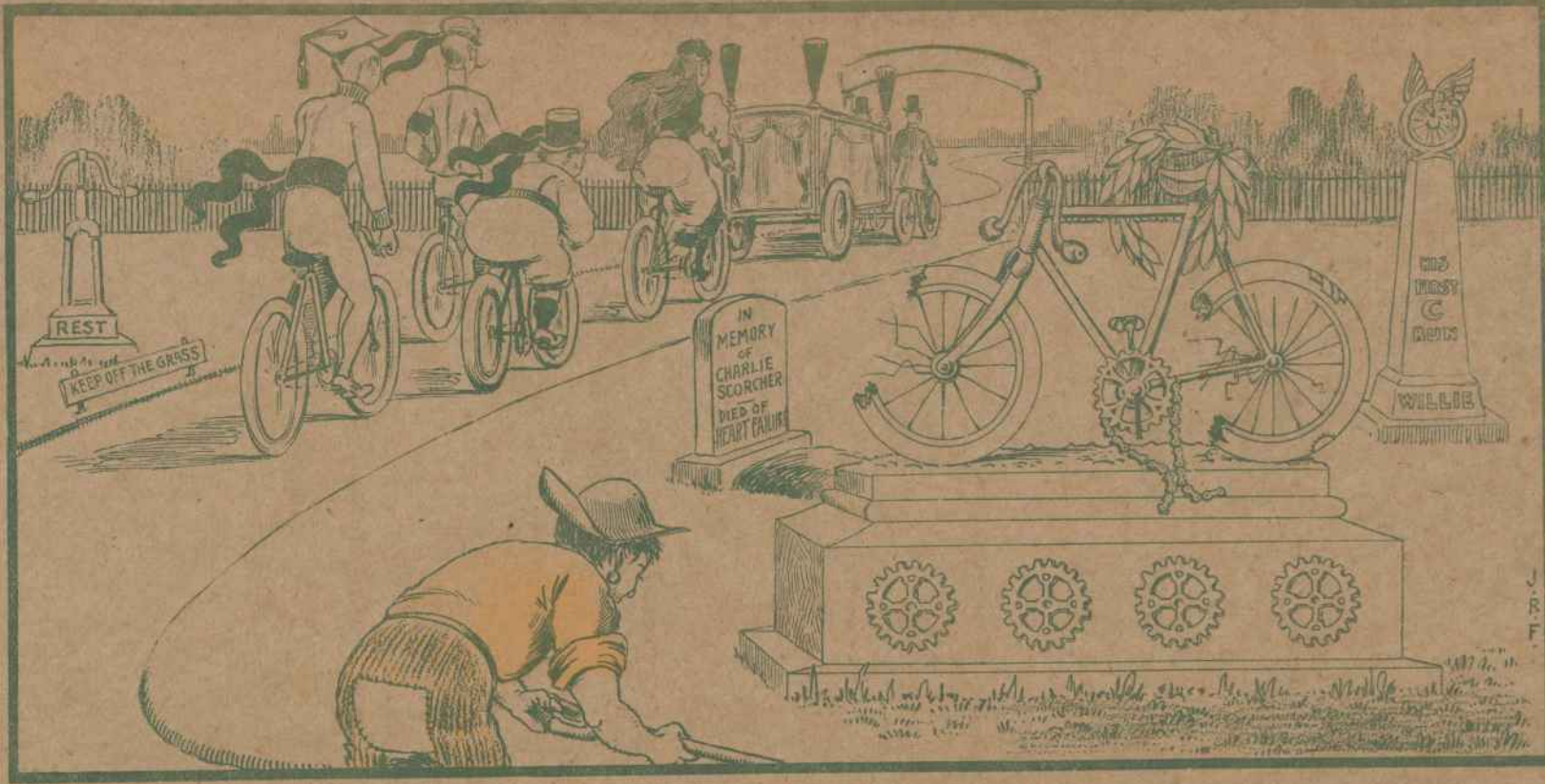
"Gentlemen, gentlemen, be calm, or I will call the game," exclaimed the judge.

The defendant next stepped up, and after being scored by the lawyer for the other side, admitted his batting record.

Upon several occasions, he admitted, he had had two or three high balls and had smashed her hard and run.

Whereupon the umpire remarked that "it seemed more assault and battery than team work on the part of this home aggregation," and he signed the plaintiff's release.

THE RULING PASSION.



WILL IT SOON COME TO THIS?

The Clock Struck One.

It was just two minutes to 1 when John Ludlam entered the house, and, snatching a paper parcel, said to his wife that he had brought her a present of a clock.

It was her birthday, and she had expected a brooch or a ring at least, and so she said tartly: "You got stuck on that clock."

His face flushed. "A nice way to speak about a present!" said he hotly.

"Well, it's the truth. I wouldn't have given fifty cents for it," said she in an exasperated tone. John Ludlam was a quick-tempered man. The veins in his temples swelled and—

Just then the clock struck one.

What did it signify? That the clock was running all right?

It did not. The ambulance surgeon said, a few minutes later, that if the clock had struck one inch nearer her temple John Ludlam would have been a widower.

Sadly Misunderstood.

CATAMOUNT CAL—What for poundin' this tenderfoot for?

THUNDERBOLT THADDEUS—Why, ther scoundrel said ez haw he intended heapin' coals o' fire on my head!

A Stirring Plea.

"My client," said the counsel for the defence, "is in the unfortunate position of having appearances against him. During the course of his varied career he has without doubt lost a good deal of what we dominate self-respect, and he has sunk to the various degrees of rowdyism and pluguglyism, having been so low as to have embraced the livelihood of a prize fighter, baseball player and Senator, but, gentlemen of the jury, in spite of his damning record, he is INNO-CENT!"

TOUGH ON THE BEE.



Why, Certainly!

Thought He Needed It.

"I went into the freak room a while ago," remarked the dime museum manager, "and there was the glass eater quietly chewing up the mirror. I asked him why he did not confine himself to old bottles and window glass, and what do you suppose he said in reply?"

"What did he say?"

"He said he had to have food for reflection."

Unchangeable.

YALE—What cheer, old boy?

HARVARD—Oh, same old sis-boom-rab.



Vip!—Horrors!—You!

THE PATENT AUTOMATIC FOLDING BED; Or, HOW THE PROFESSOR UNINTENTIONALLY CAPTURED A BURGLAR.



PROFESSOR WHEELS, THE INVENTOR—Much needed thing, this. Patent electric ejecting bed for people who can't bear alarm clocks. I set this combination, and at the hour designated the bed automatically fires you.



BAD BILL, THE SECOND-STORY MAN—Chee, dis mus' be one uv dem big wall safes. Here's where I get all I can carry!



Ding-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!!!

A Spellbound Suitor.

Young Von de Spuyen profoundly sighs
Where'er her fascinating ighs
Miss Sweetly condescends to raise
And calmly meets his longing gaze.
As oft as he attempts to woo—
To speak of his affection too—
She seems attentive to each word,
But then, the maiden, having heard,
Vouchsafes irrelevant replies.
He listens with unfeigned surprises,
And thinks: "Oh, my! Has she no heart,
To treat me with such cruel art?
Not long can I endure this smart!
I fear my very brain will craze
Because of her distracting waze!"

UNFORTUNATE INITIALS.

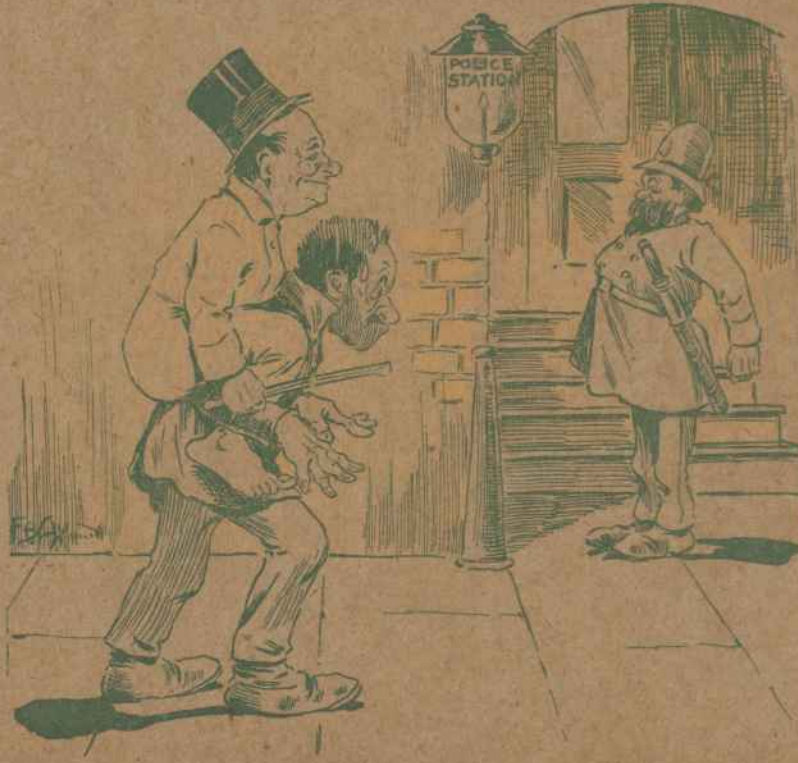
Miss Nellie L. Taylor and Paul D. Quiggs were engaged, and Nellie was out of town for a few days. They exchanged the following telegrams, and thoughtlessly signed them by their initials only:

"Dear Nellie: Come home to me."
P. D. Q.

"Dear Paul: Am coming, my love."
N. L. T.



ROTH—Help! Murder!



And Bill got all he could carry.

Depends On the Age.

The great editor had one of those darling sons who should be kept in constant contact with a bureau of information, in order that their thirst for knowledge might never go unquenched. Question after question had been propounded to him, some of which were answered correctly and some of which called forth threats of a good sound drubbing. At last he had induced the boy to spend the next hour in reading. Everything had been quiet for a while, when finally the boy looked up and began:

"Say, papa, what is a classic?"

The great editor rubbed his hands to get, for at last a question had been asked him to which he could give an authoritative answer.

"A classic, my son," he replied with a smile of ineffable self-satisfaction, "is a chestnut that has become established."

Not a Samson.

A fat lady once toured Japan,
And wished to travel in a sedan.
But said the wise folks,
"I no am sam son!"
Get Anti-Tul or some other man!